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## OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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Book and Job Printing

PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

POETRY.

"MONTZUMA'S HALLS."

I.

From Montzuma's lofty halls

A shout is ringing loud,

And from the Aztec's city walls

Is flying our banner proud,

Tesucos' waves are running red

And Chalco's tide is dark,

For thousands of the brave are dead

Upon the banks so stark.

II.

Along the barricaded street

Across the bridge's canal,

Amid the storm of iron shot,

The showers of leaden ball,

Where lances stand like forest trees,

Their points a hedge of death,

Their pennons waving in the breeze,

No sabra in its sheath.

III.

Where hurrying rocks from wall and roof

Come rattling down like hail,

Where weeping Mercy stands aloof

And iron warriors quail,

The "Waving Plume" has led the way

While wavering none of all,

But in the hottest of the fray

"Was doom'd, alas, to fall!"

IV.

But noble ones are living yet

Among that gallant host,

As brave as ever Aztec met

Where battle fields were lost,

Scott, Pierce and Kinscott, they are there

To nobly "do or die"

Watson, his ocean-sons of war,

Is there their truth to try!

V.

God bless them all! a sinner's prayer

Is heard, they say above,

If so, I'm sure my heart is where

Our armies onward move!

A feeble form, sore crippled too,

Alone has kept me back,

But were I there I'd do my do,

Or die upon the track!

\* Two lakes in the city of Mexico.

General Worth is known in the army by the

soubriquet of "the Waving Plume."

Col. Watson, a gallant officer of the last war,

now in command of the United States Marine Regiment

in Mexico.

THE BUD AND THE HEART.

Within a Bud's rough husk there slept

A flower rare,

And watch and ward securely kept,

Concealed it there;

A southern wind the watch beguiled,

The flower burst its bonds and smiled.

But fleeting was the flower's bloom,

As early dew;

The North wind with its cloud and gloom,

Breathed on it too;

But watch and ward no more were kept,

The flower drooped its head and wept.

So in a rude and rugged breast

A warm heart lay,

Throbless and dreamless in its rest,

By night and day;

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Married Woman's Soliloquy.

BY "ONE WHO HEARD IT."

Yes it's got to go! and get! and get! for

every body on earth, but one's own wife. If I

should ask Mr. Slocom to go out at such a time

a day for a pair of water and basket of oranges,

d'y'e guess he'd go? Not he; I might want one

and take it out in a minute! Oranges, forsooth!

"I was only yesterday, I asked him to call at

William's for Charley's shoes. Wouldn't you

have liked to have heard him scold, though!

Wished he could go to the store and back with-

out calling for a dozen parcels! And when he

came and put them on Charley's feet slapped

him for crying because the pegs hurt him! Poor

fellow! he limped round till his father had gone,

and then pulled them off. The pegs were an

inch long at the least calculation. And now

just because Mrs. Brown hints at a water pail,

he's up and off in a minute! Why couldn't Mr.

Brown go? Just as though her own husband

wasn't good enough to wait upon her. I'd show

him the difference, if I was Brown! A pretty

how d' he'd do! I shall have of it, if things go

on thus. I'll ask Brown to do my errands, see if I

don't! And then see how he likes it.

If the girls only knew! But no! They would

not believe a word of it! You might tell them

tomorrow, and they'd determine to try it!

"Bought wit is the best, if you don't get it too

dear." Dear! I wonder what some folks call

dear? There's Nelly By. You might talk to

her till next July, and she wouldn't believe it.

But she'll see! She'll learn a lesson for herself,

she'll not forget very soon.

If I was a girl again I wouldn't change my

condition in a hurry! Not I. There was Slo-

com always ready to run his legs off—but now

—he'll go sooner for that Mrs. Brown, than for

his own flesh and blood.

But I'll pay him—see if I don't! I won't get

him a mouthful of supper. He may get his vic-

tuals where he does his work! See how he'll

like that. If I should do so, always trying to

please other folks' husbands instead of my own,

we should have a pretty kettle of fish. There's

Willie, he's teased for an orange these three

days, and not the peel of one has been seen yet.

There he comes puffing like a steamboat! If

I had sent him, he wouldn't have been back

these two hours. Calling at Mr. Brown's too!

if it ain't enough to vex a saint. I'll quit—I'll

quit—but no! he like that too well! the brute!

I won't please him so much. I'll stay if it

kills me, and Willie shall have an orange if he

wants it, and no thanks to him either. There

he comes again, and both hands full. Wonder

what he has got now, and who he is running for.

Coming through the gate and—yes both pockets

full of oranges. There—dear soul! I knew he

wouldn't forget his own children! Won't Wil-

lie have a good meal? And I will—yes he shall

have mullins for supper; Slocom loves mullins!

That's all we heard, reader; for when Slo-

com opened the hall door, Charley, Willie, and

all ran out to meet him and got some of the

oranges.

### The Married Man's Soliloquy.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS.

Blast the women! They are always fretting

about something or other! Yesterday the coal

wouldn't burn; and the grate must be set; and

the furnace must be repaired; and merry none

what all! Save us from the wants of an inco-

siderate woman. Only let her get the upper

hand and she'll drive like blazes. But I won't

be driven. Not I. If she wants the door fixed,

or wood dried, or water brought, or the leech

set or tubs hooped, she may do it herself. Con-

found it. I can't go into the house but something

is wanting. If it isn't one thing it is another—

in a hurry. But no; they must be dosed with

pink and annis and onions, and the deuce knows

what until their gizzards are fairly shaken out,

and then if any one is to be kept up, why Slo-

com can set up, it won't hurt him. But I've

done with it; I won't that's a fact. What's that

you say? Mended my pants? And four new

shirts and a neckcloth? Well, I declare, Mrs.

Slocom is clever after all. If she didn't scold

so like bedlam; but no matter, I know that I

provoke her, or she wouldn't do it. I'll give in;

I'll own up, I'll— The remainder was lost in

something like—a kiss.

### THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

A Jeweller of this city, who shall be nameless, was lately

applied to by a nice looking young man, to

make a gold ring for him, having in it a blade

very delicate and keen, concealed except on a

narrow scrutiny, and opening with a spring—

The bargain was made to furnish it for thirty

dollars. On the appointed day the purchaser

appeared, paid the stipulated price, which was

folded very complacently, and with an air of

high satisfaction, put it on his finger. The Jew-

eller of course very innocently, asked what he

wanted to do with such an article, to which the

reply was to cut open pockets with. Ah, replied

the Jeweller, doubtless in amazement, how

can you do such things with such an instrument

and not be detected? The performer replied,

that his art consisted in diverting the attention

of people from everything that looked like a de-

sign upon them—that he rubbed his forehead,

adjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came

too late. He then bade him good morning and

went his way. Shortly after, the Jeweller as he

walked around the counter, was accosted by the

clerk—why what is the matter with your pants?

how came you to tear them so? Nothing

but I know of, was the answer. Where? Why,

just look. When! his pocket was found to

have been cut by the "artist," with his new in-

strument, and his pocket book gone, with not

only the thirty dollars just paid, but four hun-

dred besides. Verdict of the public. "Served

him right." [N. York Tribune.

### INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY.

There is nothing impossible to man which industry and

integrity will not accomplish. The poor boy of

yesterday, so poor that a dollar was a meridian

to his vision, houseless and breadless—com-

pelled to wander on foot from village to village,

with his bundle on his back, in order to procure

labor and the means of subsistence, has become

the talented and honorable young man to-day,

by the power of his right arm, and the potent

influence of principles, firmly and perpetually

maintained. When poverty, and what the world

calls disgrace, stared him in the face, he

shouldered not but pressed onward and put forth

high and honorable exertion in the midst of

accumulating disasters and calamities. Let the

young man be cherished for he honors his coun-

try, and dignifies his race. High blood—if this

course not in his veins, he is a free born Amer-

ican, and therefore a sovereign and a prince—

Wealth—what cares he for that, so long as his

heart is pure and his walk upright—he known,

and his country knows and his country tells that

the little finger of an honest and an upright man

is worth more than the whole body of an effem-

inate and dishonest rich man. These are the

men who make the country—who bring it to

whatever of iron sinew and unflinching spirit it

possesses—who are rapidly rendering it the

mightiest, most powerful, as it is already the

freest land beneath the circle of the sun.

### A SNEAKY SUGGLER.

Eighteen smug-

glers, each carrying a sack of Berne gunpowder,

were traveling across a rocky furrow. The last

of the file perceived that his sack diminished

THE YANKEES. You can always tell a

Yankee by the jack-knife in hand, or the cigar

in his mouth. The Yankees are curious char-

acters. To-day they are swapping horses, and

to-morrow building railroads; this hour in the

gutter and the next seated in a palace. Their

energy knows no bounds. This month you may

find a Yankee on the waters of the Penobscot

heart and soul engaged in the logging business;

a quarter of a year hence you will hear of him

navigating the Ohio. Let a year pass, and you

may learn of him in Constantinople.

Change appears to be written in the face of

a Yankee. He is never contented. If he is boot-

black of a clam-digger, ten to one that you will

find him at the bar or in the pulpit. If edu-

cated for the ministry, he may be found teaching

at some conspicuous corner. If his father puts him

to a mechanical trade, he will not be contented

unless he sets up for himself in some mercantile

business. To-day he is one thing to-morrow

another. He will dig gardens, saw wood, teach

school, preach, or even edit a newspaper, if ne-

cessary for a support; but he will not be idle.

### POPPING THE QUESTION.

Some writer who takes the Soubriquet of *Jeremy Short*, thus

gives his experience on this subject. Jeremy has

been "about," and is "one of 'em," decidedly:

"It will pop itself. It's nonsense thus lend-

ing young folks a helping hand—take my word

for it, all they wish is to be left alone—and if

there are any confounded youngsters about, let

them be put in bed or drowned it don't matter a

fig which. If lovers haven't no tongues, hav'n't

their eyes, egad! and where is the simpleton

that can't tell whether a girl loves him, without

a word on her part? No one adores modesty

more than I do, but the most delicate angel of

them all won't disguise her little heart when

you're alone with her. A blush a sigh, a stud-

ied avoidance of you in company, and a low

thrilling of the voice at times, when no one is











